

# THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back,"

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance

TWELFTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY KENTUCKY. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1896.

NUMBER 85.

## Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

### WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily.	No. 5. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	10 00 am	4 35 pm
Avon...	9 31 am	3 55 pm
Winchester...	9 10 am	2 25 pm
Paris...	8 54 am	2 00 pm
Indian Fields...	8 37 am	1 10 pm
Clay City...	8 19 am	11 40 am
Clinton...	8 10 am	11 20 am
Paris...	7 55 am	10 48 am
Dundee...	7 43 am	10 17 am
St. Bridge...	7 38 am	10 07 am
Trenton...	7 24 am	9 35 am
Beatty's Je...	7 03 am	8 25 am
Three Forks C...	6 53 am	8 00 am
Elkton...	6 32 am	7 18 am
Elkton...	6 08 am	6 30 am
Jackson...	6 00 am	6 10 am

### EAST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 2. Daily.	No. 6. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	2 20 pm	6 30 am
Avon...	2 47 pm	7 08 am
Winchester...	3 07 pm	8 10 am
Paris...	3 21 pm	8 54 am
Indian Fields...	3 37 pm	9 24 am
Clay City...	3 55 pm	11 45 am
Clinton...	4 05 pm	12 10 pm
Paris...	4 18 pm	12 41 pm
Dundee...	4 32 pm	1 15 pm
St. Bridge...	4 37 pm	1 26 pm
Trenton...	4 51 pm	2 00 pm
Beatty's Je...	5 16 pm	3 05 pm
Three Forks C...	5 26 pm	3 25 pm
Elkton...	5 48 pm	4 12 pm
Elkton...	6 12 pm	5 05 pm
Jackson...	6 20 pm	5 20 pm

Nos. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & O. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

J. D. LIVINGSTON,  
Vice Pres. and Gen. Man.  
CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.



UNTIL  
NOVEMBER 1st.

Our \$ 5.00 Watches at \$ 3.00  
" 8.00 " 6.00  
" 10.00 " 7.00  
" 20.00 " 15.00  
" 100.00 " 75.00

FINE DIAMOND RINGS  
\$7.50 and upward.

GOOD VALUES  
—AT—  
\$10.00 and upward.

Alarm Clocks, at 90c. and upward.  
Fine Clocks, at \$3.50 and upward.

A line of Sterling Silver and  
Plated Ware suitable for Wed-  
ding Gifts at proportionately  
low prices.

FRED J. HEINTZ,  
135 E. MAIN STREET,  
Near P. O. LEXINGTON, KY.

MOST IN QUANTITY. BEST IN QUALITY.  
**WORMS!**  
WHITE'S CREAM  
VERMIFUGE  
FOR 20 YEARS  
Has led all WORM Remedies.  
EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.  
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Surgery and obstetrics specialty

W. T. COLVIN,  
WITH  
TRIMBLE BROTHERS,  
Wholesale Grocers,  
MT. STERLING, KY.

### Cheeriness.

Let us stop the worry, dear,  
Things are coming right,  
Sing your heart a song of cheer,  
Give your eyes the light.

Luck is with the hold of heart,  
God with those that smile,  
We but need to do our part  
Yet a little while.

Fortune, but to hide her frown,  
When she sees your eye  
Dimmed with tears and dropping down  
Lightly passes by.

Meet her look with ne'er a fear,  
Soon her eyes will light,  
Let us stop the worry, dear,  
Things are coming right.

—Boston Post.

### PARALYZED BY HORNETS.

#### Thrilling Experience of a Party of Pleasure Seekers in the Northwest.

Few boys who have lived in the country have escaped a more or less hot experience with hornets, wasps and bees. The average country boy is always ready and willing to tackle a bee's nest, and run the risk of being stung for the chance of robbing the busy bees of their honey. Strange it is, but true, that with no reward in sight, and the risk of worse stings, he is equally ready and willing to tackle a wasp's or hornet's nest, just for the fun of destroying it and the excitement attendant on the attack of the infuriated insects.

One sting of a bee, wasp or hornet is sufficiently painful and productive of the most unpleasant result. One little sting will close an eye or cause a highly inflamed lump to rise as big as a hen egg. But imagine being assaulted by a whole colony of hornets, with no means of defense, no coat of mail, no gunpowder, no means of even making a smoke.

That was what befell T. A. Roberts, of Des Moines, Ia., and the surprising result was that when aid finally reached him, he was helplessly paralyzed and may remain in that condition for the rest of his life.

Roberts, with three friends, left Des Moines for a hunting and fishing tour in the northwest. After several days of sport around Desolation lake, the party started one morning for the head of the lake after deer and elk. Roberts took his fishing tackle along, and, on the way, seeing several trout rising, he was left on a huge snag in a sheltered part of the lake while his companions kept on in the boat for the head of the lake, promising to return for him later.

It was just at dawn when Roberts began fishing, and he had good luck. But as the sun rose and began to warm the ground he noticed several hornets buzzing around him. Their numbers increased and he saw that they came from a hole in the roots of the snag at his feet. As the rays of the sun warmed them into activity the insects came out by the thousands, and they appeared to make a concerted attack upon the unlucky intruder.

There was no escape. He was half a mile from shore, there was no way of starting a fire, and as a last resort, Roberts, frenzied with pain, jumped into the water and held on by a root. That protected his body but not his head. Of course he could not keep his head under water long at a time. With his free hand he fought the hornets the best he could, but they settled about his head and neck and both hands, and he was frightfully stung.

He was in this condition when his friends returned. At first they were unable to render him any aid. The hornets attacked them and they were forced to retreat.

After considering what was best to do, the party rowed to the nearest shore and secured a long pole, on the butt end of which a hook was made by cutting off a limb. A lot of dry brush and moss was gathered and fastened to the end of another long pole, and the party returned to the snag, taking the precaution to button up their coats, tie handkerchiefs over their faces and pull their hats well down over their ears. When they neared the snag the brush and moss was set on fire and pushed out ahead on the drift.

This drew the attack of the hornets, which rushed into the smoke and flames in scores, and while this was going on a boathook was inserted in Roberts' clo-

thing, and he was pulled into the boat more dead than alive.

It was some time before he could tell his story. His head was swollen to twice its natural size, and the stings on the back of the neck, at the base of the skull, seem to have affected the spinal cord and the nerve centers and rendered him completely helpless and paralyzed.

It was five days before the party reached a settlement where medical aid could be secured. The physician said he was inclined to think that Roberts would remain a helpless paralytic during the remainder of his life, and would probably not survive long.

### An All-Wool Democratic Meeting.

In cheerful obedience to a call made by chairman of the county executive committee, the "tried and true" Democracy of Wolfe county met in Hazel Green last Saturday, for purposes clearly set forth in the resolutions subjoined.

On motion of J. M. Rose, Dr. J. A. Taulbee was made chairman and M. E. O'Hair secretary.

The chairman immediately appointed a committee to draft resolutions expressing the purpose and sense of the meeting. The committee appointed was H. F. Pieratt, W. C. Perkins and J. M. Rose, who retired and promptly drafted the following resolutions, which were unconditionally and unanimously adopted amid a storm of cheers.

### RESOLUTIONS.

1. We, the Democracy of Wolfe county, firm in our belief that the monetary question is the supreme question in the politics of the United States, more particularly the restoration of silver as standard money, therefore we reaffirm our allegiance to the cause of silver and pledge ourselves to do our utmost to bring about its free, unlimited, unconditional and everlasting coinage at the present ratio of 16 to 1 as compared with gold.

2. That we are clear in our belief that the apparent defeat in our last national election of the popular will, so admirably embodied in the matchless William Jennings Bryan, was due to misrepresentations of Republican papers and speakers, shameless bribery and coercion, treachery of papers that were formerly deemed Democratic, British gold, and last and least to the ludicrous aid of the Palmer and Buckner non-descripts.

3. That we denounce the methods and means of the Republican party as being extremely dangerous to popular government and hostile to every instinct of true manhood.

4. That we feel righteous contempt for the so-called national sound money party because of its infamous efforts to knife Democracy under the guise of friendship, and that we deem it a sacred duty to purge the body politic of this hateful treason, which duty we will faithfully strive to perform with our ballots and influence, and that our first step shall be a refusal to the so-called national sound money party to affiliate in Democratic conventions or meetings, appointed or impromptu.

5. That we endorse the course pursued by the illustrious Wm. J. Bryan since his advent into public life, and that we heartily endorse him as our unqualified choice for the presidency of the United States in 1900.

6. That we recommend a permanent and active organization of free silver voters in this county, and that the fight for the emancipation of silver shall be assiduously maintained until the next presidential campaign shall have been closed.

7. That a copy of these resolutions and the minutes of this meeting be sent to the HAZEL GREEN HERALD for publication.

After the unanimous and enthusiastic adoption of the resolutions, a Democratic club was organized in the interest of free silver and elected the following officers: N. L. Ware, president; John M. Rose, vice president; H. F. Pieratt, secretary, and Wiley C. Perkins, treasurer. The club will hold monthly meetings after December 24, which date will be the next meeting.

WANTED.—Fifty bushels of new corn for cash. The lowest bidder will get the contract. Apply at this office.

### NEWS NUGGETS.

The Ferris wheel, which has been loaning money since the World's fair, has been placed in the hands of a receiver.

Marion Myers, a young farmer residing near Washington, Ind., attempted suicide by shooting because his sweetheart jilted him.

At a mass meeting of citizens at Lawrence, Kas., it was decided to ask the next legislature to enact a law making foot ball playing a misdemeanor.

Well diggers near Woodbine, Kansas, found a vein 30 feet thick of pure salt 100 feet underground. The deposit is one of the best in the state, and will be developed.

While undergoing initiation into the mysteries of the B. P. O. E., at Des Moines, Io., about six week ago, Edward W. Curry sustained injuries from which he died last week.

It is announced that the Tennessee centennial exposition, which will be opened at Nashville on May 1, 1897, will cost about \$1,000,000. All the money necessary has been subscribed.

Ward B. Jones, of McLean county, Ill., has been found guilty of kissing his neighbor's wife and compelled to pay \$1 damages. The lady sued for \$15,000, but the jury thought \$1 high enough.

The fastest pacing horse in the world, John R. Gentry, 2:00, was sold at public outcry in New York the other day. He was bid in by Lewis J. Tewksbury, a wealthy New York banker, \$19,900.

At Cleveland, Ohio, robbers applied a lamp flame to the flesh of an old miser, in an effort to make him divulge the hiding place of his money. He sank into unconsciousness without giving the information.

Frank P. Arbuckle, president of the Cripple Creek and Consolidated gold mining company, of Denver, Colo., was found dead on the streets in a questionable quarter of New York city. His watch and chain and money were missing.

Mrs. Homer Cole, wife of the station agent at Branch Mills, Me., paid a visit one day recently to her husband at the station, and the visit marked her second appearance in five years on the street, although she does all the usual home work.

Allison Z. Mason, president of the defunct Globe Investment company of Boston, was arrested on an indictment warrant, charging him with the embezzlement of sums aggregating \$10,000. Treasurer Lowell Moore of the company is now serving a three years' sentence on similar charge.

Gilson Lyons, a colored porter at the St. James hotel, Springfield, Ohio, has received notice that he and his half sister, who is in Cleveland, are equal heirs to an estate valued at \$33,000 left by their mother, who died 27 years ago and while they were quite young. The estate is located in Harrison county, Ky.

Near Torrington, Conn., several boys were out in a field with a loaded rifle. Suddenly the rifle was discharged and the bullet struck Frank Richards in the breast, and passed directly through the heart and out of his body. He got up and ran home, a distance of half a mile, and died a few minutes after entering the house.

A lone highwayman with a pair of revolvers stopped a section gang on a handcar on the G. R. & L. railroad, near Decatur, Ind., and held them up for over \$100. There were four men, and they had just received their last month's salary. The highwayman compelled them to lay their money on the track, mount their car and leave.

Several farmers near Decatur, Ill., are in trouble owing to the pranks played by a whirlwind which visited that section. The wind gathered the corn off several different farms and deposited it on land belonging to one man. This man refuses to give up the property unless it can be identified by the owners and they have begun suit to recover.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[Correspondents will please bear in mind that all communications must be received at this office not later than Tuesday evening to insure publication in the current issue.]

### MORGAN COUNTY.

#### Jamboree From the Jamba.

News is scarce this week.

Corn gathering is the latest fad in this section.

Scott Oldfield made a flying visit to Torrent last Monday.

Miles Caskey and wife visited the latter's father at Caney last week.

Mrs. Gillia Ann Harper visited her sister, Mrs. D. B. Oldfield, last week.

Uncle Wiley Wilson and Aunt Manda visited friends in the Jamba last week.

Tand and Harry Nickell are both erecting new dwellings on Nickell fork.

Mrs. Susan Murphy had a barn raising and covering last week, with a good attendance.

Miss Emma Oldfield accompanied Willie Lockhart to his home last Friday on a visit.

Little Miss Lila Taulbee, of Hazel Green, visited her sister, Mrs. J. R. De Busk, this week.

Jim Linden, of Gillmore, the handsomest man in the world, passed through the Jamba Sunday.

Morton Wilson was thrown from a horse Sunday and had his arm dislocated. He is at present resting easy.

Willie Lockhart, of Ezel, who is teaching a very successful school at the Caskey school house, will close his school in two weeks.

J. Richmond DeBusk, of the Jamba, who is teaching the Sandfield school, will close his school in four weeks after a prosperous term of five months.

A. M. Wells, of Clark county, is erecting a dwelling house on the farm of Mrs. Susan Murphy and will move to it soon. We welcome Bro. Wells and his family to our midst.

Nov. 24. DECEMBER.

WANTED.—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago. 22-48

### A SHORT TERM.

#### A Man Who Was President of the United States For One Day.

David R. Atchison, a Missouri statesman of fifty years ago, has been exhumed from oblivion as the man who, though his name does not appear in the list of this country's presidents, was for twenty-four hours the possessor of all the rights and powers incidental to that great office. President Taylor's term expired in 1849, one of the rare years when March 4 falls on Sunday. He became a private citizen of the republic at noon on that day, and as President-elect Taylor refused, from religious scruples, to take the oath of office on the holy day. Atchison, as president pro tem. of the senate, was constructively the nation's chief executive until the next noon, when the conscientious general was sworn in. March 4 next comes on Sunday in 1921, and there will again be a president for a day. —N. Y. Times.

Gustave Erickson, of Sioux City, Io., went to the penitentiary to please his wife. He was alleged to have married in Omaha several years ago, to have deserted her after a time, and going to Sioux City to have remarried without having previously secured a divorce from No. 1. He entered a plea of guilty to the charge of bigamy, and was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. "I was really never married to more than one woman," he remarked as he followed the sheriff from the court room, "but my wife was determined to send me to prison, and I'd do anything to please her."

WONDERFUL are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and yet they are simple and natural. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes PURE BLOOD.



# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher

HAZEL GREEN. 1 1 1 KY.

## CENSUS OF THE WORLD.

The Celebration of the Advent of the Twentieth Century.

A census of the world? It seems impossible, but it is going to be undertaken. This unparalleled labor is to be one of the gigantic projects to celebrate the advent of the Twentieth century, and it is safe to say that more stupendous undertaking has never before been devised.

The scheme had its real inception at the biennial meeting of the International Statistical Institute, recently held at Bern, Switzerland. At the instance of Dr. Guillaume, the director of the statistical office of the federal government, a committee of distinguished statisticians, scientists, travelers and geographers was appointed to begin work by collecting all information possible as to the best methods of taking this world census and to report to the institute at its meeting next year.

The first step in this important committee's labor was to enlist the interest and aid of Li Chung Tong. They met him when he was in Berlin and secured the promise of his influence in China. In no nation will the work of census taking be more difficult than in China, where the people are as the sands of the sea.

Anything approximating an accurate census of the population of the earth at the present time is, without doubt, an impossibility. In addition to the poles, there are many spots on the earth that have never been visited by the explorer, and others from which a census enumerator would never get away alive. The population of the earth is now estimated at 1,700,000,000. These figures were given by Profs. Behm and Wagner of the University of Goettingen, and their estimates are based upon the best information. Yet both frankly acknowledge that they have had to fill up many of their columns with nothing better than guesses—guesses founded upon the observations of travelers and upon other guesses mentioned in treatises given by such countries as China, Persia, Arabia and Turkey.

In China, for instance, they state that their figures may be 200,000,000 more or less than the actual number of people. In Africa they may be some 50,000,000 astray, and in Asiatic Turkey, Persia, Siam and Afghanistan the figures are probably equally uncertain.

China, they are now assured, will take an official census, and the governments of Turkey, Persia, Siam and Afghanistan will also be asked to give their assistance to the agents of the institute, with a view to making some districted enumeration of their peoples.

The accomplishment of this will require a large amount of diplomacy as well as of money, and the widest possible knowledge of these half-barbarous localities.

In the beginning of the next century, at the present rate of exploration, there will hardly be a square mile of Africa that will be unsafe for a traveler with a small guard, and an enumeration can be made which, if not accurate, will at least be of enormous value. By 1900 Russia will have pushed her two transcontinental railroads nearly through Asiatic territory, and the wild regions of Tibet will be open to the traveler. In the year 1900 many keen and intelligent observers will be sent into all these regions to make the great estimate of the hitherto uncounted millions.

It is believed that a census of such magnitude can be taken on the same day, or week, or month, all over the civilized world. The effort will be made to have it taken upon one and the same day, if possible.—London Mail.

## ESKIMO MOTHER AND BABY.

How Infant Residents of the Frozen North Live.

The Eskimo are very fond of their children. There are seldom many of them in one family, and those that are are very well taken care of, according to an Eskimo notion, which, of course, quite fits an Eskimo baby. They seldom cry and lie around and suck blubber with great contentment all day long. Sometimes a very fond mother will make for her baby a queer kind of candy. There is a certain great bird which the men shoot whenever they get a chance, and which has bright red feet. The mother will cut off these feet and draw out the bones, and by blowing into the skin inflate it to its utmost capacity. Then she will fill the little red case with marrow, and tie it up for an extra good gift to her baby. The youngsters like this queer candy as well as our children like chocolate creams, which, to be sure, are not half as pretty to look at.

When an Eskimo baby dies his father and mother grieve over him very sincerely. One Arctic traveler tells of a mother who brought her child with her to the United States. It died on the voyage, and the mother was unconscious for more than a day afterward. The baby was buried in a little New England cemetery, and, according to the Eskimo custom, his playthings were laid on his grave. Among other things there was a little tin pail which a sailor had given the child, and some naughty little American child stole it from the grave. The mother was inconsolable.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## MY BURGLAR STORY.

BY C. H. ARGUR.



WHEN I went to bed that night my hair was as black as it used to be. When the day dawned it was light. So you may see how badly I was frightened. I was paying the penalty for overwork at the time by taking a health trip, and I carried along \$475 to pay it with. I also took a fishpole and a north-westerly direction for the Michigan woods.

When I was leaving Detroit on the steamboat I wrapped up \$400 in a rubber band and stowed them away in the inside pocket of my vest, and I soon acquired the habit of touching myself every time I thought of it to see whether my cash balanced, or, to speak more accurately, to see whether I still had the bulge on my vest.

As soon as I found this nervous habit fastening itself upon me I was sorry that I had not always carried large sums of money and got used to the sensation, but it was too late for vain regrets, and I determined to make the best of it. But I decided that I would always in the future have plenty of money.

It was a little too early in the season for the summer run of schoolmarm's on the lakes, and there were only a few passengers on board the steamboat. These were made up mostly of commercial travelers and a fair assortment of those dusty-booted, slouch-hatted, shoddy-clad men who travel on trains and boats everywhere without any apparent reason or object. There was one lady on board.

There was also another passenger—a red-headed man with a sinister eye and a snarl of horse about him so pronounced that the lady passenger asked for "the radish" at dinner, thinking to avoid hurting his feelings by saying horse-radish in his presence.

If I had not been carrying a wad of money into a lonely country I should have paid little attention to this ill-favored person; but I was carrying a wad of money, and I suspected that he knew it. For the life of me I could not help pressing that wad with my fingers every time I met him or heard his voice or smelt horse. I was certain that he noticed this involuntary action and that he knew the reason of it, and I came to believe that he was on the boat because I was, and that he would get off when I did.

He did get off when I did, at 11 o'clock at night, on the lonely dock in the town of Gravelton, and no one left the boat there but us two. I saw him disappear in the darkness when I took my seat in the hotel bus.

The Gravelton hotel was one of



ACQUIRED THE HABIT OF TOUCHING MYSELF.

those large, cheaply-built houses which one will find in all the lumbering towns of the west where land is cheap and pine is cheap, and regular boarders are cheap and numerous, but my room was clean enough and reasonably secure. The window had no fastenings, but the sash had swelled, and the casement held it in a grip which all my strength could not loosen. The door was provided with a bolt and a lock, and the transom was too narrow to admit the body of a man. I felt pretty secure, but I was made nervous by the fact that the curtain failed to cover the lower part of the window. I was morally certain that my ugly fellow-traveler stood outside in the darkness, watching me with hungry eyes.

I did not feel sleepy enough to go to bed, neither did I find it particularly cheerful to sit in the one little wooden chair which the room afforded and gaze at the cheap wall paper covering the pine partition, or the "skied" picture of a flaming red, long tailed bird of paradise, with his head set backward on his neck. My books were in my trunk, and there was nothing at hand to read except an old newspaper, which was doing duty as a cover to the washstand.

Glancing at this paper, I saw that the page exposed to view was made up of "syndicate" matter, and that the prominent article was, by a startling coincidence, the story of an adventure with a burglar. I began reading it.

The narrator told how he found himself in a strange room seeking for a safe place to bestow his money for the night; how he determined to place it

between the leaves of a dictionary, and wishing to remember the exact place he thought he would open the book at the word money, but behold, when he opened it the first word he saw was murder.

Here the narrative was broken by a soap dish, which adhered firmly to the paper in spite of my careful efforts to remove it, and I read no further.

I arose and shook myself. "Pshaw!" I said, "what a fool I am. He's probably just an ordinary hostler come up here to work, or perhaps to see his old mother. No doubt he's as honest as I am. I wonder what word he would have found if he'd opened the dictionary at cash." I soliloquized, and out of mere idle curiosity I took from my handbag the nearest approach I had to a dictionary—a little paper-covered book of synonyms, and opened it at C. Clutch—grasp—lay—hold—on—catch—seize.

This was the line that met my gaze. I laughed, threw the book on the table and began to undress.

"If anyone enters my room to-night," I thought, as I folded up my vest and placed it under the pillow, "I'll clutch him, grasp him, lay hold on him, catch him, seize him, and yell for help."

When I went to sleep I dreamt that I was wading up a trout stream fishing for black bass with a wad of money for bait and that as fast as I caught fish I



MY VISITOR.

was robbed of them by a red-headed horse.

From the number of fish I had caught I judge that I must have slept two or three hours; then I found myself suddenly awake, listening intently, and anxiously sniffing the air. I was certain of two things. Some one was moving in the room, and I smelled horse.

It is easy to write of this thing now in a spirit of levity, but I had no such feeling as I lay there straining my eyes to no purpose in the inky darkness, but hearing that fellow move about the room boldly, without caution, as though it mattered nothing to him whether I slept or wakened.

"If I move," I thought, "he is ready with his knife or club to silence me forever."

I did not know whether or not he had already taken the vest from under my pillow and I did not care just then to investigate. I moved not a muscle, but when the first tumult of sudden fright had subsided I tried to think—to reason.

"I am here for my health," I thought, "Now won't it be healthier to lie still and let him take my money than to move a finger and let him take my life—what little I have? How did he get in here? Ah, of course! the window. I couldn't budge it, but he is muscular. I should have thought of that."

What was the man doing? The sounds he made were exactly such as a man makes in dressing. Heavens! would he exchange clothes with me, leaving his horse old suit in my room? He was at the washstand pouring out water—washing his hands. My fright was giving way to anger at the cool impudence of the man. Doubtless he had on my clothes now, including the vest, with the wad of bills in the inside pocket. Coward that I was to lie there and let him take my property!

I hesitated no longer, but sprang from the bed and with one cry of "Help!" rushed with resistless fury slam bang against the partition over where I thought the man stood.

Some one tried my door, then knocked on it for admittance. Backing toward it so as to guard myself from an attack by the burglar I found the bolt and lock and threw the door open. A flood of light filled the room; the window was closed and the only persons present were myself and my visitor—a gentleman fully dressed, with a lighted lamp in his hand and a trout basket slung over his shoulder.

"There was a burglar in my room," I began. "I couldn't see the scoundrel, but I heard him washing his hands and putting on my—"

I stopped, for I saw my clothes hanging where I had left them.

"I think you must have heard me washing and dressing," said the gentleman, "and I must ask you to pardon me for disturbing you. I should have remembered that the walls between these rooms are very thin."

That is my burglar story. I might devise a better ending for it if my imaginative powers were equally distributed, but they seem mostly to center in my olfactory nerves. I could have sworn that I smelled horse.—Detroit Free Press.

—Miss Abbie E. Ireland, of New York, was the first woman dentist.

## WHITES IMPERVIOUS TO POISON.

Caucasians Do Not Suffer from the Darts of Savage Tribes.

It is rather curious that we hear so little of poisoned weapons in these days. Now and again the newspapers report what they call "a tragedy" from the South seas— from Africa, such as the death of Commander Goodenough, or the massacre of that French party in Borneo, announced the other day. But such events are very rare, and they nearly always happen in certain narrow areas. Poisoned arrows were an abiding terror once in every land, civilized or savage. But in Europe they seem to be quite extinct, and somehow people no longer take much account of them in regions where they are still common. One might suspect that the alarm of our forefathers was due mostly to superstition and ignorance. They had poison, as one may say, "on the brain," and their methods of analysis were grotesque. But in every museum are weapons carefully fashioned to insure that a dose of venom shall enter the wound they indict. Doubtless the men at that time were familiar with noxious herbs and substances which are known at present time only to students of science. But it still remains somewhat of a puzzle that poisoned arrows are so rarely mentioned in savage countries. There are districts innumerable up and down where Europeans live, no welcome residents, among a population well acquainted with deadly drugs and used to steep their weapons therein. One might certainly have expected that the Ghazis, of Afghanistan, would poison their knives. Often it has been alleged that one of them did so, but is there any evidence? In our generation, at least, wounded men duly recover unless their hurts be mortal.

Has any Englishman ever lost his life in Borneo from the fatal darts of the blowpipe? Capt. Mundy tells how several of his men were struck at the capture of Bruni, but their messmates instantly sucked the wound, and nothing followed. The present rajah of Sarawak once lost 30 men in a single day; they had gone out as skirmishers. The bodies had no mark beyond the simple puncture, where a drop of blood rested on the wound. "One man was struck near him; he instantly had the arrow extracted, the wound sucked, a glass of brandy administered and the patient sent off to the boats about five miles distant. Two companions supported him, with strict orders not to let him sleep till he reached the landing place; they made him keep awake, and he recovered." Old officers of the Sarawak government have many such stories to tell. But the fact remains, curious to us, that natives make very little use comparatively of their terrible power. Not half the tribes, indeed, employ the blowpipe, whether for war or hunting, and none poison swords, spears or any instrument whatever. The poisoned weapons of the Malays are a stock property of fiction. It is not said that they never existed in fact, for the bravos are found everywhere, but assuredly they are uncommon even among the criminal class. Yet the Malays are perfectly familiar with the opus, and they entertain even an exaggerated belief in its virulence. They know a venom more powerful still, the sap of the Chetek, a common vine, which can be obtained in five minutes, for it is used "neat"—the concoction of opus is not a little complicated. Dr. Horsfield, in Java, persuaded an expert to make some in his presence. "With an equal quantity of opus juice the native mingled about half a drachm each of sap from Arum, Kempferia galanga, anemum, a kind of Zerumbet, common onion, a drachm and a half of black pepper." With this composition Dr. Horsfield killed a dog in one hour, a monkey in seven minutes, a cat in 15, and a large buffalo in two hours ten minutes. By all accounts the Bornean opus is much stronger. In 30 minutes, or even 20, a man is dead, they say.—Pall Mall Gazette.

## Bicycle Clubs for Women.

Although bicycling for women has ceased to be considered a crime in this country and its possibilities and benefits have been acknowledged by the people in general and physicians in particular, wheelwomen still hold back and make no effort to advance the cause as do the wheelwomen of England. There are any number of clubs in England, whose members are all women, each of whom takes such an active part in the affairs of the organization that it cannot but succeed, so that when one hears of a woman in England going off on a solitary tour, without the slightest fear of being interfered with, she need not be surprised, as English wheelwomen, by their united efforts, have made it possible for their sex to ride when and where they will, dressed in any costume they please to consider proper, and this is usually rational.—Chicago News.

## Desperate Measures Necessary.

"What a wide-awake young fellow Barber is," said Alice. "Altogether too wide-awake," responded Edith. "The last evening he called at our house he stayed till one, and then papa had to get the burglar alarm going."—Detroit Free Press.

## One of Its Meanings.

Daughter—Papa, what does this sixteen to one mean?

Mother (interrupting)—It means that everywhere you go you will find sixteen people talking politics to one who isn't.—N. Y. Truth.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Higher Criticism.—Teacher—"Now, we have Daniel in the fiery furnace. What then?" Boy—"Well, it wasn't not enough for him."—Detroit Tribune.

"Maria," said Buggles to his wife, with an idea of instructing her in political economy, "do you know what civil service is?" "Jasper," said Mrs. Buggles, with memory or recent contract with the cook, "there isn't any."—Tit-Bits.

—Something of a Strain.—"So you don't think a minister ought to ride a bicycle?" "No; I didn't say that at all. But I do think he ought not to tackle it unless he is sure his religion can stand the strain of learning."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

—For Home Reading.—"I just finished Miss Scryber's new novel this afternoon." "I have heard something of it. Is it, ah—suitable for home reading?" "Strictly. I know I would not like to be seen reading it in public."—Indianapolis Journal.

—One Explanation.—"Why do men always bet hats on an election?" said the man who inquires. "It's very simple," replied the man who sneers. "By the time the campaign is over the old ones are invariably worn out by the talking that's been done through them."—Washington Star.

—Master (addressing his Irish manservant)—"Terrence, I'm going into the country to stay at my mother's place. If Mr. Dubley calls tell him I'll be back on Tuesday." Terrence—"Borra, I will, sor! And—after a pause—"What will I be after saying to him if he doesn't call, sorr?"—Tit-Bits.

## ENGLAND IS FAST DISAPPEARING

Large Sections of Coast Being Swallowed Up by the Ocean.

This is a serious question: Is England disappearing? Readers may pucker up their lips and ejaculate, "Absurd!" but facts, nevertheless, remain, and show pretty clearly that England is positively disappearing, and may in years to come be marked on the map as a vanished isle.

On the east coast the sea is encroaching upon the land at an astonishing rate. Seaside towns and villages, holiday resorts, are gradually being eaten up, and the inhabitants driven inland. In many parts the sea runs up on a beach which was once far inland. In other cases churches which were at one time situated far from the sea now stand at the edge of cliffs and have the sea lapping almost at their doors.

The Goodwin sands, about five miles off the coast of Kent, were at one time a portion of the mainland itself, and the property of Earl Goodwin. But the sea has swallowed them up.

The coast of Norfolk is minus three villages of which it was once possessed—Shipden, Eccles and Wimpwell—all of which have been taken into the arms of the encroaching ocean. The Cromer of to-day stands miles inland of the original Cromer.

Auburn and Harlburn, two Yorkshire villages, once promised to develop into seaport towns of considerable importance, but, like the will of Canute, the will of the inhabitants of these villages was ignored by the rising sea, and Auburn and Harlburn now exist in mere names and sand banks.

Dunwich, on the coast of Suffolk, is gradually being swallowed up. Every now and then the inhabitants move a distance inland, rebuild their houses and shops and wait patiently and philosophically for the next "notice to quit" from the sea. Many other seaside places have suffered, or are suffering, a similar fate.

It may be argued on the other hand that some seaside towns are gradually becoming inland towns by the failure of the sea to "come up to the mark," and running out only to run in for a shorter distance. Winchelsea, Sandwich, Rye and Southport are all suffering in this way. Winchelsea and Rye were originally two of our Cinque ports, but the sea has left them standing high and dry. Sandwich was once a highly important seaport town; it now stands two or three miles inland.

The sea is leaving Southport quite in the lurch—so much so, indeed, that the inhabitants have to sink extensive lakes down at the beach to keep the sea from running off altogether and leaving them merely an ordinary inland town.

But the extension of our island in this way is very much less than the encroachment of the sea at other points, and while our land is certainly becoming more extensive in one direction it is contracting, and with much greater rapidity, in some other. And the ultimate effect may be that our mountain peaks may form small islands, and eventually be pointed out by posterity as "the position in which Great Britain is reputed to have stood."—London Tit-Bits.

## Indisputable Evidence.

De Lole—Where do you intend to spend your vacation?

De Pole—"I'm going to our milkman's dairy farm. There is the finest kind of fishing in that neighborhood."

"Hub! You don't take his word for it, do you?"

"No, indeed. We've found young trout in his milk."—N. Y. Weekly

## Accounted For.

Dora—He kissed me twice before I could stop him.

Cora—Did you hear some one coming?—N. Y. Truth.



# THE FARMING WORLD.

## DAIRY MANAGEMENT.

### How to House Cows So They Will Pay for Themselves.

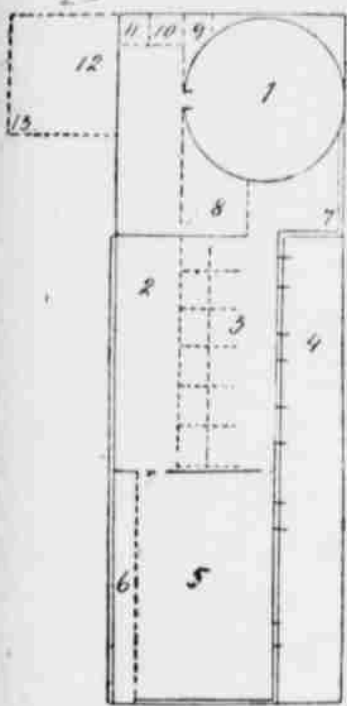
I will first quote the golden rule of dairying: Make the cow thoroughly comfortable by keeping her warm and satisfied with good food and pure water, and keep her clean and give her exercise. The man with only three or four cows can fix a warm place in or about his barn. But I will give a plan for ten cows which can be reduced for a smaller number or enlarged as much as desired, and yet be very handy and economical.

For ten cows I should certainly have a silo. In this article I shall not give a detailed plan for building the cheapest and best silo, but may in future. A stable should be light, well ventilated and warm. It should be so arranged as to be handy and save as much labor as possible. I think these points are attained in the following plan, and a look at the diagram will be sufficient to prove it.

For 20 cows I would extend the length of the building, and for a greater number I would build in the opposite direction from silo. The cutter sets on the floor, up level with frame on wagon, making it easy to unload the heavy corn.

You ask what all this has to do with the producing of milk. Well, you can't produce much milk in winter without good winter quarters. Though they need not be expensive, they must be warm, and if really handy, one man can care for twice as many cows, and thus make the product cheaper.

The double lines in diagram represent double walls made as the walls of a house, and filled with cut straw or sawdust. I would have foundation of brick if able; if not, I would set walls on square logs laid right on the ground, but set the frame on without nailing



DAIRY BARN.

1, silo; 2, feed alley; 3, stalls; 4, manure shed; 5, penning room; 6, rack for hay; 7, sawdust bin; 8, bran bin; 9, meal bin; 10, oil meal; 11, cottonseed meal; 12, cave for roots, extending four feet above ground, over which are cutter and grinder; 13, position of cutter.

to logs, so they may be easily replaced when rotten. Put the lining on like house weatherboarding, inverted, so as to run the leaking dust into the wall. Cement floors are as cheap as plaster and much better. I would have a window 24x36 inches behind each two stalls; if in cold climate, have double sash on hinges, so you can throw manure out in shed. Also in front a larger window to same space, with curtain to regulate the light. Between stalls I use two little posts, one 15 inches from manger and the other 17 inches from that. They are made of 2x4 stuff and are 34 and 24 inches respectively; this makes the best stall I ever saw.

The hay carrier and track can be moved from loft to feed alley and made to carry a large box of feed along the alley to mangers, which is a great convenience. We have room for about all the different kinds of hay, ensilage and ground grain.

Give the cows a balanced ration of say one pound cottonseed meal, two pounds oil meal, five pounds bran, and if ensilage is not rich in gain, enough corn meal to make 40 pounds as rich as where a full crop of corn is cut in, but in all cases use your senses. Be wide awake and study the wants of each cow. Be quiet and gentle with them at all times, and change the ration as many times a week as you have kinds of food, and have as many kinds of hay, fodder and ground grains as possible.

By means of pipes and buckets each stall should be supplied with pure water all the time, and the penning-room also. Also a box of rock salt in each department for the cows to lick for amusement. Don't forget to give a mangel or two in each day's ration; they can be raised cheaply, and although they contain but little that goes into the milk, they aid digestion and give tone to the system, and appetite.

We think we can't do without clover hay (cut early). A little mash of cut clover and wheat bran, made real wet, is relished by every cow and has no equal for producing good milk. In the management of cows we turn them in the penning-room after milking at night, and put feed in the mangers before we turn them in to milk them in morning. In every herd there are some very timid cows, also some regular

bosses; even if they are dehorned they push and knock the timid ones around too much. We stall the bosses all at once, while the others are in the pen, and vice versa. We always milk while the cow is eating.

There is no rule as to feeding that will apply all over the country because the crops are so different in kinds; but if you realize the full meaning of the rule I have quoted, and desire success, you certainly won't fail.—A. F. Webb, in Ohio Farmer.

## DURABILITY OF ROADS.

Cinders Is the Best Material for a Smooth Carriage Drive.

With about 13 inches of rainfall in six weeks, we have all had a good opportunity to observe some facts in regard to the durability of roads and carriage drives. In a somewhat hilly country almost all the houses are upon an elevation, with a carriage drive rising more or less abruptly from the street, and it is no small annoyance to have these drives gullied and washed out, especially if it happens in a very busy time in midsummer.

Where it can be obtained, the very best material for constructing a carriage drive is cinders, made by burning soft coal. If these are put on sufficiently deep so as to hold or take up an ordinary heavy rain, and there is an outlet for the water below, there will be very little washing away of the surface of the drive. The very worst mode of constructing a carriage drive is that usually practiced and which I was foolish enough to adopt a good many years ago; it is that of digging a deep trench the width of the carriage drive and filling it promiscuously with stones of all sizes, then covering with gravel.

A drive may have an underdrain and still not be able to take care of the water as fast as it comes in a heavy shower. More or less refuse and fine earth is carried onto the drive in the way of mud from the street and this fills up the interstices while the gravel fills those between the stones. If the mud brought upon the driveway is of a clay nature the drive in time becomes impervious to the rapid seepage of the water and the result is the water forms a stream on top of the ground, channeling and cutting away all the fine gravel upon the top of the stones and leaving it in a bad condition. I notice that the railroad which passes through my farm has in recent years been ballasted almost entirely with cinders in place of gravel. More than a foot of cinders is used beneath the ties and the result is that no matter how heavy the rain the cinders take all that falls and part of it at their leisure. The same would be true of a driveway filled to the depth of 18 inches with cinders, though of course more or less clay would be deposited on such a drive that does not find its way on a railroad track.

When it is impossible to procure cinders in quantities sufficient to make a driveway and it seems desirable to use stone, the excavation should be made two feet or more deep, with the largest stones in the bottom, gradually using smaller stones until near the surface they should not be bigger than apples or hen eggs.

If the stones are selected in this way and carefully placed, the big ones will never come to the surface to bump a wheel and the gravel will never work down among the larger stones to obstruct the passage of the water. The bottom of the excavation should slope both ways to the center with a drain only laid a foot or two below the surface along the center line. Then if the surface is ballasted with clean good gravel the drive will take all the water that falls as fast as it falls and there will be no surface washing. The best drives in cemeteries and public grounds are made in this way with the addition of a stone or brick gutter on both or either sides. This of course makes it more expensive and cannot be practiced by the ordinary owner of a home. If it is not possible to make the whole driveway as thoroughly as I have indicated, then the steepest slope should be treated in this way, carrying this porous material sufficiently far above the steep incline to catch and absorb the water that comes from above.—L. B. Pierce, in Ohio Farmer.

## Rye and Crimson Clover.

Rye, when very young, is full of water and also laxative. It is sown in the fall for late green food, and it is expected to give early green food after the winter is over. Experience with it demonstrates that it makes the hens poor and thin, due to its cathartic effects, and it is not as valuable for hens as may be supposed. Sow the crimson clover instead, if it will thrive in your section and the season is not too late, but if too late the rye may be used, provided the hens are allowed on it only for a short time during each day, or rather, what is better, about three times a week.—Farm and Fireside.

## Kentucky Took the Lead.

Kentucky was one of the early western states to take an active interest in road-making. It was the policy of the state to cooperate with its minor political divisions in the construction of roads, and many years ago a corps of engineers set to work to lay off roads in all parts of the Blue Grass state.

The cranberry might be cultivated upon many a marsh that is now practically useless.

## FOR GOOD EATING'S SAKE.

The Unique System Adopted by a Railroad Company to Have Its Dining Car Service Up to the Best.

The following is an extract from the Locomotive Engineer of New York city, a paper of recognized authority in technical railroad matters:

"In connection with the through train service between Chicago, Buffalo, New York and Boston, the Nickel Plate Railroad run their own eating cars, and they have adopted a rather unique manner of keeping the men in charge of the cars up to the mark. There is a grievance committee consisting of two superintendents, the superintendent of motive power, the regular traveling representatives, and the general car inspector, who have authority to take a meal in the cars at any time and report on anything they find wrong. These officers make life a burden to the superintendent of the dining cars. There is a good deal of piousness about the criticisms, but those patronizing the cars find that they never have reason to complain of the victuals being cold or out of season."

"The dining car service on the trains of the Nickel Plate Railroad is something that strikes the traveler as approaching perfection. With the system in force referred to, there is not much room for a 'kick' from anybody."

In conjunction with the above article we feel justified in adding our compliments to the painstaking management of the Nickel Plate Road. It has been our good fortune to have occasion to use this line in our frequent trips from Chicago to New York city and Boston.

While traveling in one of the day coaches on a little jaunt from a local station into Buffalo, I was impressed by the cleanliness of the car. The secret was soon divulged. Along came a colored porter in uniform, dust cloth and brush in hand, and with a polish here and wipe there, the seats, window sills and floor were kept scrupulously clean.

The schedules of their fast trains are convenient and the sleeping cars placed in the regular daily service are of the most luxurious type of modern car construction. Solid trains are run between Chicago, Buffalo and New York city and through sleepers to Boston.

A fact worthy of note yet remains to be pointed out to the readers of this journal, which, perhaps, has not come to the notice of many. Rates are offered between the same points lower than those quoted by competitors of the Nickel Plate Road and from my experience their passenger facilities are excelled by none.

A. POISTER.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

ALICE—"I heard something about you, today." Maud—"Yes; this new lining they are using in dresses makes a frightful noise, doesn't it?"—Yonkers Statesman.

## Get a Farm While Prices Are Low.

If you want a farm of your own now is the time to get one in Northern Wisconsin, along the line of the Lake Superior division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, where a sure crop can be raised each year, which can always be sold at good prices in the lumbering towns along the line of this railroad. Low prices; long time. Address C. E. Rollins, 161 La Salle Street, Chicago.

MISS GOOLBY—"What's the matter, my poor man? You look ill." TRAMP—"Madam, something I haven't eaten has disagreed with me."—London Truth.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

MARRIAGE is like all other troubles; the people have a good time while getting into it.



The papers are full of deaths from  
**Heart Failure**

Of course

the heart fails to act

when a man dies, but "Heart Failure," so called, nine times out of ten is caused by Uric Acid in the blood which the Kidneys fail to remove, and which corrodes the heart until it becomes unable to perform its functions.

Health Officers in many cities very properly refuse to accept "Heart Failure," as a cause of death. It is frequently a sign of ignorance in the physician, or may be given to cover up the real cause.

**Safe Cure**

A Medicine with 20 Years of Success behind it

will remove the poisonous Uric Acid by putting the Kidneys in a healthy condition so that they will naturally eliminate it.

**STEADY WORK**

WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to sell Stark Trees. Millions tested, proven "absolutely best." Superior to all new system. STARK BROTHERS, LOUISIANA, MO., ROCKFORD, ILL.

**BENEFIT TO MANKIND: YUCATAN.**

A. N. K.—E. 1628

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw this advertisement in this paper.

**PISO'S CURE FOR COUGHS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.** Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.



## Keep your eye on Pearlline "ads."

If you use it already, you'll find hints here and there that will greatly help. There isn't a man, woman, or child but can be helped by Pearlline.

All these advertisements are meant for the good of Pearlline (no soap), of course—to show you the best and easiest and cheapest way of washing and cleaning, and to lead you to use it.

But if they do, they will have helped you far more than they will have helped Pearlline. You have more at stake. All the money you could bring to Pearlline (no soap), by using it, wouldn't be a drop in the bucket to the money you'd save by it.

Millions use Pearlline



"Everybody Likes It."

**Battle Ax PLUG**

Everybody likes "Battle Ax" because of its exceedingly fine quality.

Because of the economy there is in buying it.

Because of its low price. It's the kind the rich men chew because of its high grade, and the kind the poor men can afford to chew because of its great size.

A 5-cent piece of "Battle Ax" is almost twice the size of the 10-cent piece of other high grade brands.



## 180,000 Copies of Demorest's Magazine

THE increasing popularity of Demorest's Family Magazine, a popularity extending over thirty years, is ample proof that each succeeding year finds it improved in its vitality, beauty and attractiveness. There must be something in a magazine that increases its subscription list from 80,000 to 180,000 names (a clear gain of 100,000) in less than a year. Don't you think so?

## READ THIS.

"Demorest's Magazine is a literary conservator of the artistic and the useful. Got up in America, where it has enormous sales, it is the most remarkable work of the class that has ever been published, and combines the attractions of several English magazines."—London Times. "We have received another number of this delightful Magazine, and we find ourselves bound to reiterate with greater earnestness the high encomiums we have already pronounced on preceding numbers. We are not given to disparage unduly the literary and artistic publications which emanate from the London press, but we are bound, in simple fairness, to assert that we have not yet met with any publication pretending to a similar scope and purpose which can at all compare with this marvelous shining worth."—London Budget. "The American Book-eller says: 'There are none of our monthlies in which the beautiful and the useful, pleasure and profit, fashion and literature are so fully presented as in Demorest's.'"

## ABSOLUTELY FREE TO YOU!

Upon receipt of a remittance of \$2.00 from you for one year's subscription to Demorest's Magazine we will send you FREE this beautiful Silver Sugar Shell as a premium and, in addition, you will receive a copy of Van Vredenburg's exquisite oil painting, "Our Bench Show," representing a "yard" of playful puppies shown above. The picture is 10x36 inches, and it is printed in 14 colors in the highest style of the plate-printers' art.



You will say it is the cutest picture you have ever seen when it reaches you. It will be issued with the December number of the magazine.

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# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, Nov. 26, 1896

SOME enthusiastic (?) Republican in Johnson county, couldn't swallow John W. Langley for congressman from this district, so he voted for Mark Hanna.

The people of Charlton county, Georgia, evidently did not know that a national election was recently held. At least the secretary of state can get no returns from there.

THE successor to Gen. John B. Gordon, United States senator from Georgia, has been chosen. He is Alexander Stephens Clay. Has nominated on the thirty-first ballot by the Democratic caucus.

IT HAS been rumored that Grover Cleveland and John G. Carlisle would form a law partnership in New York early next March, but it is positively denied at the White House and at the treasury department.

A KENTUCKY colonel, who ought to be in a position to speak with authority in such matters, says that "one drink of whisky is enough for any man; two drinks are too many, and three drinks are not half enough."

WM. J. BRYAN having decided to go on a lecturing tour in the interest of free silver, the executive committee of the National Republican league have declared their intention of having a gold standard speaker follow after him.

ON THE first ballot Hon. E. W. Pettus was elected United States senator from Alabama to succeed Hon. James L. Pugh. The sound money Democrats did not cut any figure and the free silverites had everything their own way.

THE Republican National committee has finished its work, paid all its debts, and a surplus of between \$75,000 and \$90,000 left. The expenditures during the campaign amounted to more than \$2,500,000, which represents about \$2.50 for each vote McKinley received in excess of Bryan.

THE CADET ADJUTANT is the title of a new little sheet gotten out by the students of the K. M. I., at Lyndon, Ky. It is composed entirely of articles furnished by the students of the school, and from a literary standpoint it is the equal of any paper published in any preparatory school in the country.

ONE precinct in the United States was carried by the Palmer and Buckner electors in the recent election. It was in the "short grass" district of Dudley township, in Haskell county, Kansas. Five voted the Indianapolis ticket and carried by a plurality of one. McKinley and Hobart got four, Bryan and Sewall two, and Bryan and Watson one vote.

COMPLETE official returns for Kentucky have been tabulated by

counties, showing that Smith, one of the Bryan electors, runs 2,000 ahead of the lowest McKinley elector, and is elected. The other twelve Bryan electors run from 300 to 700 behind twelve of the McKinley electors. The total vote of the state was 444,244, as follows: McKinley, 218,055; Bryan, 217,797; Palmer, 5,018; Levering, 3,374. McKinley's average plurality, 258 on the vote for electors.

SOME one has been at the pains to collect statistics showing the relative voting strength of Catholics and Protestants in the United States. One-third of our population, or 20,613,307, are church communicants. Of this number 14,000,000 are Protestants and 6,000,000 are Catholics. The number of qualified voters in this country is 15,137,839. Of these actual voters 3,500,000 are counted as Protestant communicants, while more than 10,000,000 are nominally Protestants in belief. The total voting force of the Catholics is a little more than 2,000,000.

## CASH FOR COMPOSERS.

Memphis Music House Offers a Big Prize For a Tennessee Centennial March.

O. K. Houck & Co., music dealers of Memphis, Tenn., acting under the endorsement and in the interest of the Tennessee centennial exposition, which is to be held during 1897, at Nashville, Tenn., offer a prize of \$100 in cash for the best original composition for the piano, in the form of a march, the winning composition to be published as the Tennessee Centennial Prize March, and during the exposition 10,000 souvenir copies will be given away at their piano and organ exhibit in the Commerce building. The lithograph title page will contain a bird's eye view of the exposition grounds, and at the top of each page of music will be an original design of one of the buildings. Manuscripts will be received up to January 1, and award of judges announced on January 15, 1897. For full information address Publishing Department, O. K. Houck & Co., Memphis, Tenn.

Blood and Nerves are very closely related. Keep the blood rich, pure and healthy, with Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will have no nervousness.

Hood's Pills are best after-dinner pills, aid digestion, prevent constipation.

We understand that the Wolfe county Democratic free silver club will not be averse to considering applications for restoration to the fold of Democracy by any who may have been decoyed by the Palmer and Buckner heresy, but the restoration must be without a dissenting vote. It seems that the Democrats all over the United States have "got blood in their eye" and are determined to put on guard none but the "simon pure."

When you take cold nothing comes in so useful as a bottle of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. Good for children, good for everybody. A remedy you can always rely upon to cure a cough, an attack of croup or other bronchial trouble. Get a bottle today.

THE HERALD has a very fine tripple silver plate coffee pot which we will award to the first person bringing in 25 cash subscribers between now and the 24th of December. Old subscribers, paying up all arrears and one year in advance will be considered as new and entitled to a chance. This coffee pot will be a handsome Christmas present for any one and all who wish to enter the contest can apply at this office and get a list of subscribers at their respective postoffices so as to know who to approach. Now is the time, and if you want some "free silver" that will be a souvenir of the campaign just closed, go to work at once.

You owe this office on subscription and you must pay it. If you agreed to pay corn bring in your corn; if produce of any kind produce it. Printers, like all other mortals, must have something on which to subsist or they won't exist, and now is the time to whack up.

## To Cure Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

## WOLFE COUNTY.

### Tolliver Talk.

Willie Clark made a flying trip to Frenchburg last week.

France Shoup severely mashed his foot by getting it caught between two rocks.

John Sparks who has been down with typhoid fever for some time, is able to be about again.

Steve Brown accidentally dropped a rail on the great toe of his left foot, inflicting a painful injury.

Aunt Jane Oldfield, who has been suffering for some time with a sprained ankle, is able to be out again.

Uncle Edmonson Lawson died of paralysis at the home of his brother-in-law, Lil Honaker. Mr. Lawson was a very old man and has long been a citizen of this county.

The last two weeks have been a period of moving in this neighborhood. Dr. Wells has moved from Daysboro to A. P. Clark's property across the river. Berry Nickell has built a new house on Wm. Clark's land and moved to it. J. M. Tolliver has moved into the house vacated by him. Uncle John Bush has moved from Gillmore creek to the Swango farm. A Mr. Robinson has moved into the house with Billy Shumaker. Bruce Center moved to Gillmore.

Nov. 24.

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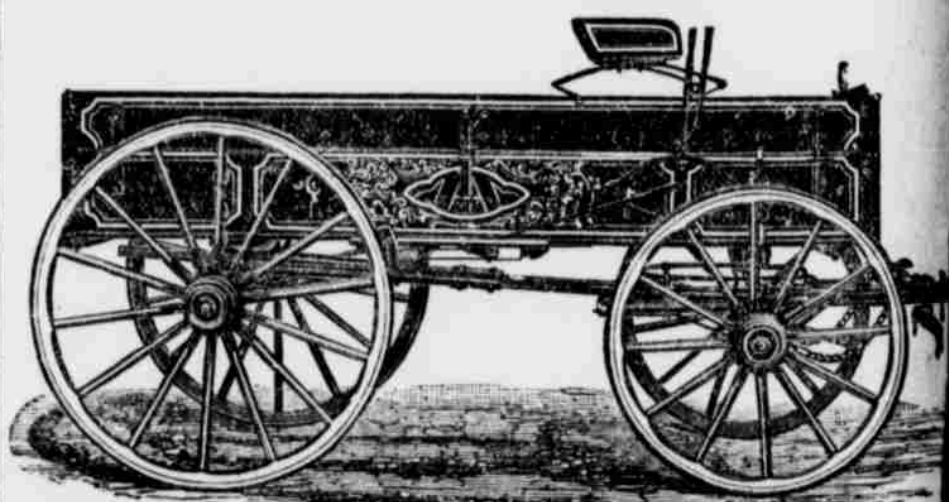
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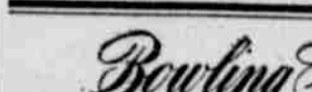
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## TIMELY SERMON.

Talmage's Beautiful Lesson Suggested by Thoughts of the Dying Year.

As the Autumn Leaves, We Sink to the Dust of the Grave—Work of Decay Constantly Going On, So Gradual That It Can Hardly Be Discerned.

Dr. Talmage's sermon Sunday had for subject "The Pageantry of the Woods," and his text was Isaiah lxiv., 6: "We all do fade as a leaf."

It is so hard for us to understand religious truth that God constantly reiterates. As the schoolmaster takes a blackboard and puts upon it figures and diagrams, so that the scholar may not only get his lesson through the ear, but also through the eye, so God takes all the truths of his Bible and draws them out in diagrams on the natural world. Champollion, the famous Frenchman, went down into Egypt to study the hieroglyphics on monuments and temples. After much labor he deciphered them, and announced to the learned world the result of his investigations. The wisdom, goodness and power of God are written in hieroglyphics all over the earth and all over the heaven. God grant that we may have understanding enough to decipher them! There are Scriptural passages, like my text, which need to be studied in the very presence of the natural world. Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind feet;" a passage which means nothing save to the man that knows that the feet of the red deer, or hind, are peculiarly constructed, so that they can walk among slippery rocks without falling. Knowing that fact, we understand that, when Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind feet," he sets forth that the Christian can walk amid the most dangerous and slippery places without falling. In Lamentations we read that "The daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness;" a passage that has no meaning save to the man who knows that the ostrich leaves its egg in the sand to be hatched out by the sun, and that the young ostrich goes forth unattended by any maternal kindness. Knowing this, the passage is significant—"The daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostrich of the wilderness."

Those know but little of the meaning of the natural world, who have looked at it through the eyes of others, and from book or canvas taken the impression. There are some faces so mobile that photographers can not take them; and the face of nature has such a flush, and sparkle, and life, that no human description can gather them. No one knows the pathos of a bird's voice unless he has sat at summer evening-tide at the edge of a wood and listened to the cry of the whip-poor-will.

There is to-day more glory in one branch of sumach than a painter could put on a whole forest of maples. God hath struck into the autumnal leaf a glance that none see but those who come face to face—the mountain looking upon the man, and the man looking upon the mountain.

For several autumns I made a tour to the far west, and one autumn, about this time, saw that which I shall never forget. I have seen the autumnal sketches of Crapsey and other skillful pencils, but that week I saw a pageant two thousand miles long. Let artists stand back when God stretches His canvas! A grander spectacle was never unveiled before mortal eyes. Along the rivers, and up and down the sides of the great hills, and on the banks of the lakes, there was an indescribable mingling of gold, and orange, and crimson, and saffron, now sobering into drab and maroon, now flaming into solferino and scarlet. Here and there the trees looked as if at their tips had blossomed into fire. In the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfigured, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and fallen upon the leaves. In more sequestered spots, where the frosts had been hindered in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color in a lowly briar; then they rushed up from branch to branch, until the glory of the Lord emerged from the forest. Here you would find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if, wounded at every pore, it stood bathed in carnage. Along the banks of Lake Superior there were hills over which were seemed pouring cataracts of fire, and up and down, and every whither the rocks. Through some of the vines we saw occasionally a flaming stream, as though it were rushing to put out the conflagration. At one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner the whole forest pressed to follow. If God's urn of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Maumee would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if a sea of divine glory had dashed its self to the tip top of the Alleghenies, and then it had come dripping down to the leaf and deepest cavern.

Most persons preaching from this text find only in it a vein of sadness. I find that I have two strings to this god-harp—a string of sadness, and a string of joy infinite. "We all do fade as a leaf." First, like the foliage, we fade gradually. The leaves which, week after week, we have seen, day by day, been changing in tint, and will

for many days yet cling to the bough, waiting for the first of the wind to strike them. Suppose you that the pictured leaf that you hold in your hand took on its color in an hour, or in a day, or in a week? No. Deeper and deeper the flush, till all the veins of its life now seem opened and bleeding away. After a while, leaf after leaf, they fall. Now those on the outer branches, then those most hidden, until the last spark of the gleaming forge shall have been quenched.

So gradually we pass away. From day to day we hardly see the change. But the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold. Now a season of over-fatigue. Now a fever. Now a stitch in the side. Now a neuralgic thrust. Now a rheumatic twinge. Now a fall. Little by little. Pain by pain. Less steady of limb. Sight not so clear. Ear not so alert. After a while we take a staff. Then, after much resistance, we come to spectacles. Instead of bounding into the vehicle we are willing to be helped in. At last the octogenarian falls. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No fierce cannonading of the batteries of life; but a fading away—slowly—gradually. As the leaf! As the leaf!

Again: Like the leaf we fade, to make room for others. Next year's forests will be as grandly foliaged as this. There are other generations of oak leaves to take the place of those which in the autumn perish. Next May the cradle of wind will rock the young buds. The woods will all be a-hum with the chorus of leafy voices. If the trees in front of your house, like Elijah, takes a chariot of fire, its mantle will fall upon Elisha. If, in the blast of these autumnal batteries, so many ranks fall, there are reserve forces to take their place to defend the fortress of the hills. The beaters of gold leaf will have more gold leaf to beat. The crown that drops to-day from the head of the oak will be picked up and handed down for other kings to wear. Let the blasts come. They only make room for other life.

So, when we go, others take our spheres. We do not grudge the future generations their places. We will have had our good time. Let them come on and have their good time. There is no sighing among these leaves to-day, because other leaves are to follow them. After a lifetime of preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing, or digging, let us cheerfully give way for those who come on to do their preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing and digging. God grant that their life may be brighter than ours has been! As we get older, do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We will have had our day, and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble.

When our knees are stiffened, let us have patience with those who get fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading, do not let us despise the unfrosted. Autumn must not envy the spring. Old men must be patient with boys. Dr. Guthrie stood up in Scotland and said: "You need not think I am old because my hair is white; I never was so young as I am now." I look back to my childhood days, and remember when, in winter nights, in the sitting room, the children played, the blithest and gayest of all the company were father and mother. Although reaching fourscore years of age, they never got old.

Do not be disturbed as you see good and great men die. People worry when some important personage passes off the stage, and say, "His place will never be taken." But neither the church nor the state will suffer for it. There will be others to take the places. When God takes one man away, he has another right back of him. God is so rich in resources that he could spare 5,000 Summerfields and Saurins, if there were so many. There will be other leaves as green, as exquisitely veined, as gracefully etched, as well pointed. However prominent the place we fill, our death will not jar the world. One falling leaf does not shake the Adirondacks. A ship is not well manned unless there be an extra supply of hands—some working on deck; some sound asleep in their hammocks. God has manned this world very well. There will be other seamen on deck when you and I are down in the cabin sound asleep in the hammocks.

Again: As with the leaves, we fade and fall amid myriads of others. One can not count the number of plumes which these frosts are plucking from the hills. They will drift into the streams; they will soften the wild caverns; they will fill the eagle'serie.

All the aisles of the forest will be covered with their carpet, and the steps of the hills glow with a wealth of color and shape that will defy the looms of Axminster. What urn could hold the ashes of all these dead leaves? Who could count the hosts that burn on this funeral pyre of the mountains?

So we die in concert. The clock that strikes the hour of our going will sound the going of many thousands. Keeping step with the feet of those who carry us out will be the tramp of hundreds doing the same errand. Between 50 and 70 people every day lie down in Greenwood. That place has over 200,000 of the dead. I said to the man at the gate, "Then if there are so many here, you must have the largest cemetery." He said there were two Roman Catholic ceme-

teries in the city, each of which had more than this. We are all dying. London and Pekin are not the great cities of the world. The grave is the great city. It hath mightier population, longer streets, brighter lights, thicker darkness. Caesar is there, and all his subjects. Nero is there and all his victims. City of kings and paupers! It has swallowed up in its immigrations Thebes, and Tyre and Babylon, and will swallow all our cities. Yet, City of Silence. No voice. No hoof. No wheel. No clack. No smiting of hammer. No clack of flying loom. No jar. No whisper.

Of all its million million hands, not one of them is lifted. Of all its million million eyes, not one of them sparkles. Of all its million million hearts not one pulsates. The living are in small minority.

If, in the movement of time some great question between the living and the dead should be put, and God called up all the dead and the living to decide it, as we lifted our hands, and from all the resting places of the dead they lifted their hands, the dead would outvote us. Why, the multitude of the dying and the dead are as these autumnal leaves drifting under our feet to-day. We march on toward eternity, not by companies of a hundred, or regiments of a thousand, or brigades of ten thousands, but sixteen hundred million abreast! Marching on! Marching on!

Again! As with variety of appearance the leaves depart, so do we. You have noticed that some trees, at the first touch of the frost, lose all their beauty; they stand withered and uncomely, and ragged, waiting for the northern storm to drive them into the mire. The sun shining at noonday glids them with no beauty. Ragged leaves! Dead leaves! No one stands to study them. They are gathered in no vase. They are hung on no wall. No death smites many. There is no beauty in their departure. One sharp frost of sickness, or one blast off the cold waters and they are gone. No tinge of hope. No prophecy of Heaven. Their spring was all abloom with bright prospects; their summer thick foliaged with opportunities; but October came, and their glory went. Frosted! In early autumn the frosts come, but do not seem to damage vegetation. They are light frosts. But some morning you look out of the window and say: "There was a black frost last night," and you know that from that day everything will wither. No men seem to get along without religion, amid the annoyances and vexations of life that nip them slightly here and nip them there. But after awhile death comes. It is a black frost, and all is ended.

Oh, what a withering and scattering death makes among those not prepared to meet it! They leave everything pleasant behind them—their house, their families, their friends, their books, their pictures, and step out of the sunshine into the shadow. They quit the presence of bird and bloom, and wave, to go unbeckoned and unwelcomed. The bower in which they stood, and sang, and wore chaplets, and made themselves merry, has gone down under an awful equinoctial. No bell can toll one-half the dolefulness of their condition. Frosted!

But thank God that is not the way people always die. Tell me, on what day of all the year the leaves of the woodbine are as bright as they are to-day? So Christian character is never so attractive as in the dying hour. Such go into the grave, not as a dog, with frown and harsh voice, driven into a kennel, but they pass away calmly, brightly, sweetly, grandly! As the leaf! As the leaf!

Why go to the deathbed of distinguished men, when there is hardly a house on this street but from it a Christian has departed? When your baby died there were enough angels in the room to have chanted a coronation. When your father died you sat watching, and after a while felt of his wrist, and then put your hand under his arm to see if there were any warmth left, and placed the mirror to the mouth to see if there were any sign of breathing; and when all was over you thought how grandly he slept—a giant resting after a battle. Oh! there are many Christian deathbeds. The chariots of God, come to take His children home, are speeding everywhere. This one halts at the gate of the almshouse; that one at the gate of princes. The shout of captives breaking their chains comes on the morning air. The heavens ring again and again with the coronation. The 12 gates of Heaven are crowded with the ascending righteous. I see the accumulated glories of a thousand Christian deathbeds—an autumnal forest illumined by an autumnal sunset! They died not in shame, but in triumph! As the leaf! As the leaf!

Lastly: As the leaves fade and fall only to rise, so do we. All this golden shower of the woods is making the ground richer, and in the juice, and sap, and life of the tree the leaves will come up again. Next May the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and they will rise. So we fall in the dust only to rise again.

"The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall hear his voice and come forth." It would be a horrible consideration to think that our bodies were always to lie in the ground. However beautiful the flowers you plant there, we do not want to make our everlasting residence in such a place.

I have with these eyes seen so many of the glories of the natural world, and the radiant faces of my friends, that I do not want to think that when I close them in death I shall never open them again. It is sad enough to have a hand or foot amputated. In a hospital after a soldier had had his hand taken off, he said, "Goodby, dear old hand, you have done me a great deal of good service," and burst into tears. It is a more awful thing to think of having the whole body amputated from the soul forever. I must have my body again, to see with, to hear with, to walk with. With this hand I must clasp the hand of my loved ones when I have passed clean over Jordan, and with it wave the triumphs of my King. Ah! we shall rise again—we shall rise again. As the leaf! As the leaf!

Crossing the Atlantic the ship may founder, and our bodies be eaten by the sharks; but God tameth Leviathan, and we shall come again. In awful explosion of factory boiler our bodies may be shattered into a hundred fragments in the air; but God watches the disaster, and we shall come again. He will drag the deep, and ransack the tomb, and upturn the wilderness, and torture the mountain, but He will find us, and fetch us out and up to judgment and to victory. We shall come up with perfect eye, with perfect hand, with perfect foot, and with perfect body. All our weaknesses left behind.

We fall, but we rise, we die, but we live again! We molder away, but we come to higher unfolding! As the leaf! As the leaf!

## INTERESTING ITEMS.

SECRETARY OF WAR LAMONT'S annual estimate of appropriations places the total next year at \$52,875,638.

The average weight of the Chinese brain is heavier than the average weight of the brain in any other race.

MR. FERGUSON, the Boston kite-flyer, has broken all records by flying a kite 9,385 feet above the earth and keeping it more than a mile high for three hours.

QUEEN MARIA PIA, the progressive queen of Portugal, has been doing some beautiful modeling in clay, and she has recently finished an elaborate piece of mural decoration.

THE cries of sea birds, especially seagulls, are very valuable as fog signals. The birds cluster on the cliffs and coast, and their cries warn boatmen that they are near the land.

MILLIONS of men in India live, marry and rear apparently healthy children upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above 50 cents a week and sometimes it falls below that.

IN the Bowery auction shop of J. S. Weinberger is a Bible printed in Spanish at Madrid in 1596. The publisher's name is in Hebrew, though both Old and New Testaments are in the volume.

THE perfume of flowers disappears as soon as the starch in the petals is exhausted; and it may be restored by placing the flower in a solution of sugar, when the formation of starch and the emission of fragrance will be at once resumed.

THE largest mirror ever brought to America has been placed in the dining room in the wing of the Hotel Savoy of New York city. It occupies the entire of the room, being 12 feet high and 13½ feet long. Several attempts had to be made by the manufacturers to produce a glass of this size without flaws.

ONLY 900 persons in 1,000,000, according to medical authority, die from old age, while 1,200 succumb to gout, 18,400 to measles, 2,700 to apoplexy, 7,000 to erysipelas, 7,500 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus, and 7,000 to rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are considered accurate as regards the population of the globe as a whole.

ONE of the most beautiful homes in London is that of Alma Tadema. From descriptions it is a veritable fairy tale realization and lighted with really Aladdin lamps. Each room is furnished in exquisite design and coloring, and the drawing room is considered the most perfect in workmanship in the world. It is built in Gothic style, with the arch above, set in various shades of yellow glass, through which the light flickers in subdued radiance, likened unto the moon's mellow rays.

THE LeBoutillier family, of Cincinnati, have some of the rarest heirlooms from their distinguished ancestors. Among others may be mentioned a tankard of beaten silver, which is over 300 years old. It is appropriately inscribed and stands ten inches high. Another object of value owned by this family is a tortoise shell snuff-box, ornamented with a silver medallion portrait of Charles I., carved in silver, and was presented by Charles II. It is also adorned with the family crest, with a hand holding an oak branch.

THE natural bridge of Virginia has always been regarded as a great wonder, and justly so, but there is a far greater one in Idaho near the Bay Horse mine, which is known to very few people, and they have never paid any attention to it, except to make some exclamation of wonder when they first saw it. There is a tunnel through a granite mountain. The tunnel is a little over a mile long, is wide enough for a double track railroad to pass through and is straight. The walls are nearly as even as they would have been had it been blasted through by men.

## AN ANGRY KING.

Bitter Words of Oscar of Sweden and Norway.

The dispute between Norway and Sweden, which has raged with more or less bitterness for the last decade, has become more acute since the return of Dr. Nansen from his expedition to the north pole. It has reached a point, in fact, that leads many people to expect serious trouble. The radicals, one of whose leaders is the famous poet, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, whose ardent desire is to make a republic of the western part of Scandinavia, have used the explorer, in truth, as a means to their end, and Nansen apparently has cast his lot willingly with them. Leaving out of consideration the merits of the political question, it is a pity that he should lend himself at the moment of his scientific triumph to political intrigue.

But this evidently he had determined to do before his return to civilization, for on the mast of the Fram as she sailed away from the frozen north homeward bound was the single flag of Norway, and not the Swedish-Norwegian ensign. Nansen's fellow republicans in Christiania, therefore, were not surprised when, at the great festival in his honor, he poured out his soul in a plea for an independent Norway. But there was one man from whom every word drew blood—King Oscar, the scholarly occupant of the double throne. Although the sympathies of all Americans are naturally with Norway in its longing to become a republic, King Oscar, it must be admitted, had reason to expect a less reactionary course from Nansen. His majesty has not forgotten that it was his financial aid which—after the refusal of the Norwegians to appropriate a sufficient amount—enabled the explorer to undertake his hazardous expedition.

The king has been obliged to submit to slights on many occasions in Norway in the last ten years, and has a hard time in preventing the Norwegian storthing from appropriating its part of the royal salary, or appanage. But nothing that has happened heretofore has so excited him or led him to express himself so openly as have the incidents subsequent to the return of his protégé.

The reception in honor of Nansen in Christiania, in fact, was at the same time almost a demonstration against the king. Although the explorer was received as a returning victor, the king, upon his arrival at the station to take part in the welcome, was hardly noticed. But he did not let this prevent him from giving a gala dinner at the castle in honor of the returning traveler. He used the occasion, however, to express in no uncertain way his opinion of the course things had taken. Only one toast was given, and this was by the king himself, for Nansen. But the toast became a speech of unexpected bitterness. After referring to the fact that it had often been said that he was no Norwegian, but a stranger, the king turned defiantly to the radical leader, ex-Minister Steen, who sat at his side, and shaking his finger significantly he continued: "I look upon it not only as my holy duty, but I also consider it my irrevocable right, to be here as the interpreter of the feelings of my Norwegian subjects."

No one replied to the king, of course, and the guests were glad when the time came to leave the castle. But his majesty's remarkable assertion was soon under discussion from one end of Scandinavia to the other. He had thrown down the gauntlet to Norway.

The indignation of the king grew as he reflected upon the course of affairs, and he decided to attend no more of the series of entertainments in honor of Nansen. On the morning following the castle dinner he received several newspaper correspondents, and spoke with a freedom and indignation seldom known in a monarch. To one of them he said: "I have a very difficult place, and admit that the future fills me with misgivings. The Norwegians follow politics more than any other people. That has caused me many an unhappy hour already—but with the help of God" (and here the king raised his voice and his eye bore a determined look) "I shall attain my goal! I am, and shall remain, king of Norway. It is a hard battle—I shall conquer."

In Sweden it has long been believed that Emperor William has won King Oscar as a secret member of the triple alliance. The Norwegian radicals are bitter at this, as they see in it a danger for the expected Norwegian independence.

But the dispute, to which fire has been added by Nansen's return, will likely end sooner or later in the republic of Norway.—N. Y. Tribune.

## What Attracts Them?

It has frequently been asserted that the brilliant colors of many flowers serve to attract bees and butterflies to them. Experiments recently reported to the Belgian Academy of Science seem to show that the perfume rather than the color of the flowers is the real attraction. Bright-colored blossoms were covered with leaves and papers pinned closely about them, yet the insects not only visited the hidden flowers, but endeavored to force their way under the papers in order to reach the blossoms, which they could not see.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Biggest on Record.

"Has this been a good year?" asked the oily campaigner of an old farmer. "Can't tell yet. But I will say that this year's speech crop beats anything I ever see."—Detroit Free Press.



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### LATE STATE NEWS.

Daviess county votes on local option December 13.

Lexington people are kicking over the quality of gas furnished in that city.

Mrs. Lingard Byrne was burned to death, near Uniontown, while cooking dinner.

A Danville man went quail hunting one day last week and brought back 75 rabbits.

The public schools at Princeton have been closed on account of the prevalence of diphtheria.

James B. Parker, aged 65, was burned to death by a lamp that he had upset, in Fayette county.

Tom Day, an old man residing in Elliott county, fell into the fire and was burned to death.

The court of appeals decides that Robert Laughlin, the Bracken county murderer, must hang.

While being taken to the city hospital, at Louisville, Mary Johnson gave birth to twins in the ambulance.

Whit Roark, a Hart county desperado, wanted for a murder committed ten years ago, is at last behind the bars.

Five cents a pound is the quoted price of turkeys on foot in Anderson county. In Montgomery county it is six cents.

Joe Wayne, a Boone county brute, beat his wife into insensibility because she would not steal a suit of clothes for him.

The state railroad commission has reduced the assessment of the Cincinnati Southern railroad from \$25,000 per mile to \$23,500.

Seven hundred geese in one flock were driven through Owingsville one day last week. They were taken to Mt. Sterling for shipment.

Since the last term of the Mason circuit court thirteen divorce suits have been filed, which will be tried at the present term.

Ben O. Skaggs, a stone mason, stabbed to death Randall Johnson, postmaster at Brushy, Taylor county. They had a difficulty over hogs.

While J. W. Hart was on trial in the Graves county court for bigamy, six of his fourteen living wives and four young children sat near him.

All the guards in the Frankfort penitentiary will hereafter be uniformed, and the United States army tactics and regulations will be observed.

Rev. George Darsie has been chosen by the Christian church, at Frankfort, for his twentieth year in the pastoral service in that congregation.

J. L. Strother, foreman of the Louisville city railway company, is missing. He is credited with carrying large sums of money, and his family suspect foul play.

About two weeks ago Eli Eyerley, of Mechanicsburg, began hiccupping and kept it up for over a week. He is 85 years of age, and the doctors say he can not survive.

Living with Hearst Witt, in Estill county, are his father and mother-in-law, each 93 years old. This is probably the oldest couple living in the same family in the state.

Three masked negro ex-convicts, Dave Powell, Wm. Dixon and Wm. Loving, entered the store of Lewis Metzner, at Owensboro, and shot him, intending robbery. They were captured.

In the Pike circuit court "Coon" Willis, an 18-year-old boy, accepted a life term in the penitentiary for killing Tandy Branham about two months ago. He feared the hangman's noose.

At Richmond, Lewis Kennedy, a chimney sweep, did some work for Judge J. R. Burnam and Miss Alice Lloyd, and having received a check from each, he proceeded to raise the amount. He got the checks cashed and skipped.

A Boone county girl shot herself because her beau was put in jail for drunkenness. The chances are that she would have felt like shooting him many a time if she had lived to marry him.

Thomas Snyder fatally shot Wesley McDonnelley, near Burgin. Both are farmers, the former being a tenant of the latter. McDonnelley accused Snyder of tearing off and burning the weatherboarding of the house.

John Meagher, of Frankfort, one of the owners of the big New Market distillery at Mt. Sterling, announced that the distillery would be running shortly and run indefinitely. This will give employment to many idle men.

The Richmond Register tells of a man who got his arm broken, leg broken and collar bone smashed, and adds that he was not seriously hurt. Most of us would think we were seriously hurt if our anatomy was deranged to that extent.

In Breathitt county, robbers went in on Johnson Neace, his nephew, Alex Farler, and their wives, hung the men until they told where their money was, took \$80, insulted the women, and got away. Mrs. Neace hid \$200 from them.

While attending church at Bethel, in Madison county, Leslie Taylor and Will Jones, both sons of prominent farmers, became involved in a quarrel over politics, and Taylor so seriously stabbed Jones with a knife that his recovery is doubtful.

Raymon Davis, living at Buckeye Madison county, was shot at from ambush one night last week. The shot missed Davis, but struck the horse which he was riding, killing it instantly. A neighbor with whom Davis had trouble is accused of the deed.

Danville has a cancer doctor who has never failed to cure a cancer when he told a person he could cure him. His remedy was found in the island of Cuba and introduced in America in the year 1885. He can not raise the dead, but he can save the living.

Two young ladies, Lula and Lizzie Lind, and their escort, Al Pollick, met with a sudden and violent death at Concord last Friday night. In crossing the C. & O. track their buggy was struck by an engine of the F. F. V. train, completely demolishing it and causing the almost instant death of the young people.

While John Wuertz and son were digging a well on their farm, about three miles back of Ashland, they were forced to abandon the job at a depth of 22 feet by a flow of oil that came oozing through the gravel bottom. Nearly a barrel was baled out and elevated by windlass in the hope that the flow would exhaust, but it held on and increased until now it is several feet deep in the well.

### Try It and See.

Whatever may be said about the publications of Rev. Irl R. Hick by those who do not fully understand the facts, there is no use denying the truth that paper and almanac have come to stay. His splendid journal, Word and Works, is now entering its tenth year, largely increased in circulation and in every way improved, until it deserves the national reputation it has attained. His 1897 almanac is now ready and is by far the finest and most beautiful he has yet issued. It contains 108 pages, including cover artistically printed in colors, and is filled from back to back with just what is wanted in every shop, office and home in America. One feature of the almanac for 1897 is a series of 12 original beautifully engraved star maps, with explanatory chapters, which could not be bought for less than five dollars in any work on astronomy. As Mr. Hicks has so correctly and faithfully warned the public of coming droughts, floods, cold waves, blizzards, tornadoes and cyclones, in the years passed, aside from the other varied and splendid features of his paper and almanac, these considerations alone should prompt every family to subscribe for 1897. The almanac is only 25 cents a copy. Word and Works is one dollar a year, and a copy of the fine almanac goes as a premium with every yearly subscription. Write to Word and Works Publishing Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Elmer Graydon, living near English, Ind., has named an infant son Abraham Lincoln Ulysses Grant William McKinley, and a neighbor, not to be outdone, has named his infant son Thomas Jefferson Andrew Jackson James Monroe William Jennings Bryan. At last accounts both infants were doing as well as could be under the circumstances.

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